THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 7, NO. 13. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER 801.

Poetical.

The Meadow Lark.

I heard the distant thunder drum,
Throbbing behind the hill afar,
I saw the darkening rain storm come
With lightning coursers at its ear,
But heeded not the warning note,
Nor hastened to my sheltering horse,
The meadow lark with opening throat
And flashing wing cleared all the dome.

His presence makes the meadows green,
His song the thunder stops to hear,
And stormy skies look down serene,
When the laureate of the fields is near,
How gracefully he cuts the air
With his brown wings and breast of gold?
Perched on the stalk a blossom there,
How sweet the song his pinions fold!

His nest so soft, and warm, and round,
Is hid among the grass and weeds
In the sweet bosom of the ground,
And there his callow broods he feeds.
So modest men of genius hide
Their noble deeds from public stare;
But He who sways the wind and tide
Is the great witness present there.

Moss Music.

Now radiant joy sits smiling in my breast—
These fragrant pinks and pansies fair, fresh culled,
Wood violets and mosses, lately lulled
In shady nook, by rippling brooks, to rest;
With the rich grandeur of each mossy crest
So green and moist, the blossoms seem to vie
With their bright hues, as lovingly they lie,
Dizzy from their own perfumes, unconfest.
Green mosses from the brookside, mosses sweet!
Say, have ye heard the singing of the wren,
The thrush, or blackbird, by your brooks? oh, then:
I pray you, if you can, some strain repeat:
Bend closer still, bright mosses; now I hear,
A bird like music, sylvan-sweet and clear.

Miscellaneous.

A Heroic Woman.

On the Illinois river, two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived, in 1812, an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker, the Squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen. At the time of which we write, Parker and his eldest boy had gone in company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days. The third day after their departure, one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in, and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was no uncommon thing for one, or sometimes more, of a party of Indians to run abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and, in such instances, were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with—

"Ugh, old Parker die."

This exclamation immediately drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly inquired of the Indian—

"What's the matter with Parker?"

The Indian responded—

"Parker sick; tree fell on him; you go—he die."

The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She, however, came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indian to see what was the matter. The boy and Indian started. The night passed, and the next day, too, and neither the boy nor the Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion that there was foul play on the part of the Indians. So she and her daughter went to work, and barricaded the door and the windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, he not having taken it with him when he went to hunt after his father. The old lady took the rifle, the daughter the axe; and, thus armed, they determined to watch through the night, and defend themselves, if necessary. They had not long to wait. After nightfall, or shortly after that, some one commenced knocking at the door, crying out—

"Mother! mother!"

But Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly like that of her son; and in order to ascertain the fact, she asked him where the Indians were. The reply, which was, "um gone," satisfied her on that point. She then said, as if speaking to her son—

"Put your ear to the latch-hole of the door. I want to tell you something before you open the door."

The head was placed at the key hole, and the old lady fired through the spot and killed the Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for quickly two rifle bullets came crashing through the window. A death like silence ensued for about five minutes, when two more balls, in quick succession, were fired through the door; then followed a tremendous punching with a log, the door gave way, and with a fiendish yell, an Indian was about to spring in, when the unerring rifle, fired by the old lady, stretched his lifeless body across the threshold of the door. The remaining, or more properly, surviving Indian, fired and ran, doing no injury. The mother and daughter, with rifle and axe, then then went to the river, took the canoe, and in six days arrived among the old French settlers at St. Louis. A party of about a dozen men crossed over into Illinois, and, after an unusual search, returned without finding either Parker or the boys. They were never found. There are yet some of the settlers in the neighborhood of Peoria, who still point out the spot where old Parker, the squatter, lived.—*Sketches of Frontier Life.*

☞What goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaping machine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A Story of the Golden Age.

In the far-off Golden Age which historians allude to and poets describe—in the beautiful valley of a small river which empties into the Caspian Sea, where roses bloomed in a perpetual spring-time, where all sweet flowers filled the air with fragrance, and all the melodious birds with song—was gathered one of those happy groups of families into which mankind were divided in the first stages after the deluge; before there were cities, kingdoms, wars, and splendors, and vices and cruelties of more advanced civilization.

The Vale of Roses glowed like a new paradise. The mountains, whose glittering peaks were like a jeweled crown, surrounded the valley, and shielded it from the cold blast of the Siberian wilds. Silver cascades dashed down the precipices, through evergreen trees, flowering shrubs, and long pendant vines. The emerald green sward that sloped down to the river was bespangled with a thousand gay and odorous flowers; red strawberries gleamed through the grass; the clumps of shrubbery were filled with delicious berries; and grape vines loaded the trees with purple clusters. The choicest fruit grew spontaneously, and the upland terraces were covered with wheat and barley sowed by the lavish hand of Nature, for the food of man.

In this delightful scene were scattered groups of rustic cottages—small, simple, rude in structure, but so embowered with foliage and surrounded with spreading trees, and so in harmony with the landscape, that each cluster was a new picture of delight. Herds of cattle were lowing in the meadows, horses neighed in the rich pastures, and flocks of sheep and goats gave beauty and admiration to the landscape. These were attended by shepherds and shepherdesses, dressed in simple but graceful robes, and crowned with flowers. With the lowing and bleating of the herds, the softened roar of the distant cascades, the murmur of the summer breeze, the hum of bees, were mingled the melodies of rude shepherd's pipes, and choruses of happy children at play.—The old people—their venerable heads covered with silver locks—sat in the shade of spreading trees, talking together of the days of their youth, or relating the traditions of their ancestors, and the events of their own early days, to the young people who gathered around them, full of affection and reverence.

In this happy village of the almost forgotten past, the wisest governed by his counsels, and the most beautiful was queen.—Where all were lovely as perfect health, freedom from care, and innocence could make them, Tamar was the most beautiful, as her grandfather, Olm, was esteemed most sage. The mother of Tamar, who, in her youth had held the place now held by her daughter, was esteemed for her virtue and wisdom, as much as she had ever been admired for her loveliness. The beautiful Tamar was beloved by all—old and young.—As she wandered along the romantic banks of the river, in the dewy morning, the blue firmament, with its embroidery of silver clouds, seemed but her canopy; the trees and shrubs nodded their homage; the flowers sent up their incense of perfume; the birds warbled their melodies for her delight; the very flocks stopped grazing to look at her; the horses neighed at her as she drew near them; sweet eyed gezelles approached her without fear. In this harmony of nature she walked—its queen—robed in lustrous white, and crowned with choicest flowers.

Among all the youths who admired fair Tamar, two of the worthiest aspired to the favor of her love. Arnette was one of the bravest as well as one of the noblest youths of the valley. No foot was swifter in the race—no arm stronger in the flood. He could climb the precipice with the mountain goat; his arrow pierced the heart of the spotted leopard or the fierce wolf that came to prey on the flocks of the valley.

His cousin Jaleph was scarcely inferior to him in manly sports. They had grown up together, and loved each other like brothers. Arnette was dark—Jaleph fair. Arnette's black, clustering locks were like the raven's wing; Jaleph's shone like the golden sunshine on the sea. Arnette's dark eyes flashed out their fires under his deep brows; Jaleph's reflected the hues of the cerulean heavens.

Both were brave and strong, and heroic. If Arnette had more strength and dignity, Jaleph had more skill and grace. One was statelier in his walk; the other more aerial in the dance.

Both loved Tamar. In a thousand ways each told his love. Arnette presented her with a gorgeous plume of the bird of paradise. Jaleph wove for her a garland of matchless beauty, made of shells and flowers. Arnette trained for her a horse as fleet as the antelope; Jaleph learned to play the melodies which filled her innocent slumber with enchanting dreams.

So beloved, Tamar was very happy. No one could tell which swain she favored.—Had each one been her brother, she could not have been more kind. The aged people who loved all their children, looked on and shook their heads; for they saw this must end, and they feared that it might end in sorrow.

The time came when Tamar also saw and felt the noble cousins loved her with more than brotherly love. Arnette, the more impetuous, first declared his passion.

"Tamar," he said, "beautiful Tamar, I love thee!"

"Dear Arnette!" breathed from the open heart of the innocent maiden.

"Wilt thou be mine?"

Her lovely face, which had been radiant with happiness was clouded now with doubt and perplexity. Arnette saw, and asked again! in deep, subdued tones, "O beautiful one! wilt thou be mine?"

The queenly girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Jaleph that moment came upon them, holding in his hand an offering, of flowers. He stopped a moment in surprise at the dark brow of Arnette, and the tearful distress of his beloved Tamar. He grew pale, as his heart told him the decisive hour had come.

With frankness that belonged to the age of heroic innocence—before centuries of selfishness, rapacity, poverty, and crime had marred the bodies and deformed the souls of men—he held out one hand to his rival, and the other to the beautiful one they both adored.

"I too, love you, beautiful Tamar!" said the youth with the blue eyes and golden hair. "God of our fathers, witness my deep love! here we stand! Choose between us!"

A pang shot through the heart of each; but they stood, each nobly resigned to the fate that awaited him.

Tamar looked on each. So long had she loved both, with the pure love of saintly maidenhood, that the deeper love now proffered only perplexed and distressed her.—How could she take herself from either!—How hurt one when both were so dear!

"Arnette! Jaleph! why ask me to choose! Are we not happy! So let us remain."

The young men looked in each other's saddened eyes, and each one felt that it could be so no longer. The happy time had passed.

As the group stood hand in hand, in the glow of the sunset, the mother of Tamar came, in her sweet, matronly dignity, to greet them.

"What is it, my children!" she asked, in alarm, and she saw their sorrowful faces and her daughter's falling tears.

"Dear mother!" cried Tamar, "how can I choose between those I love!"

The mother smiled; but the smile was not free from sadness.

"My daughter," she replied, "there must be one whom we love above all others."

"Mother, mother!" said the poor girl as she buried her face in her bosom; "both have been so kind, so noble, so loving to me all my life, how can I hurt one or the other!"

Again the sad smile.

"Come with me, my daughter; you, my children, go. In seven days Tamar shall answer you."

They kissed the mother's hand held out to them. They looked tenderly at that weeping girl, and walked away, hand in hand.—There was no rancor or jealousy in their noble hearts. It is true that each one felt that the happiness of his life was at stake. To fight for the possession of the object of their love, however, was a mode of settling their rival pretentions left to the darkness and ferocity of succeeding ages, when the earth should be stained with crime and blood.

Arnette and Jaleph were together, as ever, in their light labors and their manly pastimes. Two days had passed, and they were swimming in the river. Whether exhausted by exercise or weakened by emotion, Jaleph could not swim with his usual strength. Soon his golden locks were seen to sink beneath the waves. His sinewy arms grew powerless. A cry from the shore alarmed Arnette. He looked for his cousin, and the next moment plunged beneath the surface. In a few moments he bore him to the shore, where he soon recovered.

Again they were hunting the leopard in the mountains. Jaleph fell, and the wild beast sprang upon him. The lance of Arnette pierced the fierce animal's heart, and saved his rival from death.

The seventh day approached. Neither had spoken to Tamar. They had but seen her at a distance. Each had refrained from every offering or sign of love. Their loyal hearts would not permit them to take advantage of each other.

On the eve of the seventh day, they met in the assembly that gathered to prepare the morrow's festival.

Tamar had decided. Her heart, questioned in solitude, declared for the golden-haired musician. But her love and pity for Arnette, her appreciation of his noble qualities, and her thankfulness to him for twice saving the life of her chosen one, made her look at him with such a glow of admiration and gratitude, that Jaleph's heart sank within him.—He went forth and wept.

It seemed plain to him that the question of his life were decided. He would not wait for the morrow. Revealing his plan to one faithful friend he went forth into darkness, and bade adieu to the happy valley.

When the morrow came, Arnette repaired to the lovely cottage of Tamar. She was pale, but more than ever beautiful. As she saw Arnette, she looked around anxiously for his cousin. She grew paler as he came not, and was nowhere to be seen. It was the appointed hour. Arnette, too, looked round, with visible concern.

"Arnette," said the mother, "my daughter has decided. She will give her hand to him her heart had chosen. But where is Jaleph?"

"I know not."

"You know not? He should be here!—What has become of him? Where is he?"

"Alas! I know not!" said the heroic youth, grieved to the heart with the suspicion which these quick questions conveyed.

"Mother!" cried the pale and trembling girl, "be not unjust to Arnette. Twice has he saved the life of Jaleph since we last met."

The confidant of Jaleph came and whispered to Tamar that her lover had gone.—The rose that had left her cheeks now fled from her lips; she sank fainting on the flowery sod.

"What is all this?" cried Arnette.

He was told that Jaleph had fled, and why. And he knew, all too well, that he who had fled from his fate despairingly was the chosen love of the beautiful Tamar, now lying in her mother's arms.

Arnette knelt down by her side, pressed his lips upon her lovely forehead, and said to her mother: "I will bring him to her or never see her more!"

In a week from that day the brave Arnette led his cousin to the cottage of Tamar, and, placing their hands together, said, "Take him, Tamar! he is thine! He fled that I might be happy; I have found him, that thou mayst be happy with him thou lovest. Let me be the brother of both.

The arms of both were twined around him. Who shall say that he was less happy in his generous self-sacrifice than they in their mutual love!

The Golden Age lives in dim traditions and poetic dreams. It lives, also, in every heart that is generous and noble. He who can love without selfishness is a hero of the GOLDEN AGE.

Picking up an Acquaintance

Some months since, a joyous, courageous young woman residing in Gotham, daughter of highly respectable parents, found herself somewhat unintentionally detained at the house of a friend not far distant from her father's residence, one evening, and before she was scarcely aware of the fact, night set in. The distance to her home was but a few blocks, however, and as she expected a little gathering of ladies and gentlemen at her father's that evening she determined upon returning homeward unattended; and, bidding her friends good night she hurried along upon the walk, towards her residence, into which her family had recently removed from another part of the city.

Upon turning the first corner, she was suddenly startled by the approach of a well-dressed man, who accosted her with "good evening," and offered his services to escort her home! Alarmed for an instant, she would have avoided the stranger, but as he advanced to her side, she ventured to turn towards him, and a glance satisfied her; she recognized the young gentleman as a familiar acquaintance. Disguising her voice, and replying in a timid tone, she accepted the proffered gallantry, determined to administer a lesson to her young friend, which he should not forget. The conversation which passed was brief, and the beau suspecting nothing, as he was not aware that the family had changed their quarters, tripped along by the young lady's side, apparently very well pleased with his companion. In a few minutes they halted before a modest brick house, in a somewhat retired street, at the west end, and the lady relinquished her attendant's arm, and prepared to enter.

"Will you come in?" whispered the lady, softly.

"Thank you," was the reply; and his fair companion opened the door. Closing it carefully, they found themselves in the entry, in darkness.

"Wait a moment," said the young lady, "and be perfectly quiet—I will return immediately;" and with these words she ascended the stairs which led to the parlors.

The first thought of the young man as she retired, was to open the front door and move; for he suspected that all was not as he anticipated. He fumbled for the latch or lock, or whatever secured it, but it was not to be found; and an instant afterwards he heard footsteps approaching in the darkness. His heart thumped against his ribs, and he began to wish himself safely out of doors again; but he was quickly re-assured by the encouraging whisper of his new made acquaintance, who approached him apparently with much caution.

"Hush!" said she, "all is safe. Be quiet, now, a moment—remove your boots from your feet—I will return in an instant."

Our hero was content, and drawing off his boots he secured them together, and holding them in his hand, he awaited the return of his lady friend, who had again ascended the stairs.

Entering the parlor a few minutes afterwards, the female rogue found some half a score of young friends with their brothers and beaux present, to whom she quickly and briefly communicated the adventure.

"I've got him in the entry, down stairs," said she. "Put out the lights," she said, "keep perfectly still, don't betray the slightest breath or sound, and I will show you some sport in a moment."

The lights were removed, the party arranged themselves around the room—the company knew the victim intimately—and again the lady descended the stairs and approached her friend.

"Softly, now," she said, taking the hand that was unoccupied with the boots, "softly, all is quiet up stairs—come," and she led her gallant slyly up the stairway. His boots dangled against the railing. "—sh!" exclaimed the fair one, "for pity's sake make no noise—or all is lost." The beau moved on, grasped his boots more securely at his side, "nor dreamed of aught save bliss."—Least of all did he suspect the existence of a huge rent in his stockings—but he was a bachelor, and this was but a trifle!

They entered the parlor. All was darkness and silence, the lady closed the door behind her companion, and led him into the centre of the room. Not a breath was heard, and little did the gentleman suspect that he was at that moment surrounded by a dozen persons of his acquaintance.

"Remain here one moment," said the girl; "I will get a light."

The gallant raised the soft hand which had conducted them thus far towards—he knew not what!—and ventured to press upon it a kiss; but it was dextrously withdrawn at the very "nick of time," and his lips came in contact with his fingers.

"Wait a moment," said his inamorata, leaving him quickly—and then passing through, she disappeared. A minute had scarcely elapsed, but it seemed a month to the little party, who were nearly choking with suppressed merriment; it was an age to the victim. But gentle footsteps were again heard, and the beau gazed anxiously in the direction of the door. It opened with a single movement, a blaze of light gushed into the parlor, and behind the face of an old familiar acquaintance! "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "*this is Mr. Smith.*"

Such a "ha, ha," as went up from that little coterie, at that moment, was seldom heard in the neighborhood, before or since. Poor Smith stood for a moment, not exactly paralyzed—that would be a faint term—exactly *statuized* in his tracks, and he hugged his boots to his side, coughed, sneezed, choked—then grinned a ghastly smile.

As soon as the paroxysm of laughter was over, the lady brought forward a chair, and placing it before the victim, said:

"Pray be seated, Mr. Smith."

He turned upon his tormentor a look of comical recognition, and, like Falstaff, his wits coming quickly to his relief he replied: "*Did you think, Cally, I didn't know you?*"

This was his first and last effort at picking up an acquaintance; and it proved to be a cure for "sparking" with him. Within six months he made ample apology for his error by making Miss Cally Mrs. Smith.

Our Boys.

What shall we make of them? What will become of them! These are practical questions, and made every day, with serious solicitude, by intelligent and thoughtful parents. The rich and the poor have alike ambition to put their sons in good places; they take more pains to select places which will honor their sons, than to make their sons capable of honoring places. The inquiry should be, not for a place large enough for a son, but how to prepare a son to fill a place with profit to those who may call him to it, and with credit to himself.

An ancient and honored family name in this city has been ineffaceably tarnished, lately, by using family influence to get one of its members into a place of very high trust and responsibility; and office for which he was so utterly incompetent, that its accounts have fallen into inextricable confusion, while he himself, charged with a degrading crime, has been led in chains to a felon's cell, in a state of bodily health which melts the hardest heart with pity, while his venerable mother is made to weep tears of blood over the sad misfortunes of the child of her heart.

Inquire, then, what your child is fit for, rather than what will fit him; the Presidency of the Republic is fit for him, but he may not be fit for it; it may receive him, but he may not be able to fill it with ability and honor. That office is fit for any man, the greatest and the best, but your son might not be fit for it; to occupy it and fill it, to discharge its duties with fidelity. You must seek a place adapted to your son's capabilities, for you may not adapt his capabilities to a place. Seek a place for him which he will honor by elevating it, and making it the more influential, but do not seek to put him in a position which is to honor him.—You are a rich man. It is neither safe, respectable nor wise to bring any youth to manhood without a calling, without an occupation by which he could maintain himself in case he should lose his fortune. In looking around for such a calling, instead of making the inquiry what you would like him to become, seek rather to know what occupation is suited to his capacities—what calling his abilities can fill. You might well like him to become an eminent lawyer, but has he that plodding and that tenacity of purpose, which will enable him to investigate and compare and deduce with unerring accuracy for many years before he can fairly be able to commence practice? You might like him to be come a physician, but has he the self denial to cut off the flesh from the dead men's bones, to live in the charnel house for long years together; and then have the patience to wait for practice for other long years; and the self-sacrifice to go at every call, of prince or pauper, in the midnights of December or the fierce suns of July, in rain or storm, or sleet or snow?—Will he do this until forty years of age for a bare subsistence, before he can make patients come to him, instead of going to them?

Perhaps your heart burns to make him a minister; and, in wrapt imagination peering beyond the shores of time, you see him, like some tall archangel leading along his vast battalions to the great white throne, saying, "Here am I, the instrumentality Thou hast made, of bringing these immortals here," and then loud paans came from seraphic legions in glad reply, "Welcome, brother, Home." No greater glory than this is there no earth or in heaven for any created intelligence. But for such an office, it becomes a man that he have a range of learning beyond that of other men; has your son made the acquisition? He must have an abiding feeling that he is less than the least of all who love the Master, and must have the capacity to become all things to all men. Has he these humilities, and these versatilities? He must be silent when he is scorned; he must not return a stroke, nor answer to a taunt; when curses come he must bless; when sinned against he must forgive; has he the moral courage to meet these debasements, and yet above them all to stand and feel that he is second to no living man; that he is an ambassador from the court of the King of kings? Has he the breadth of intellect to compass all learning? The humility of heart to feel abidingly before his Master that he is but a worm, and yet the grandeur of soul in the light of the Lamb to feel, "I am heir of the universe by right of birth!"

Instead, then, of determining what your son should be, seek to ascertain what he is capable of being; what he is certainly competent for. In short, seek not for your child the post he can get, but the post he can fill; for it is better to be an honor to the lad than disgrace the crown—better be an accomplished mechanic than contemptible king!—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A Picture of Ohio in 1828.

George W. Kendall writes to the New Orleans *Picayune* an account of an experience in Ohio, as follows:

"The month of October, 1828, found me at Sandusky City, Ohio, still a boy, but almost a man grown, with less than five dollars in my pocket, and with no friend save a good constitution—and a good constitution, let me here say, is one of the best friends a young man ever possessed. During the summer, I had traveled the whole length of the Erie Canal, and had run the gauntlet of chills, fevers, and all the ills with which Western New York was then afflicted. I was now on my way to Cincinnati, short of money, but full of hope. But how to get to Cincinnati? I do not recollect that there was at that time any regular conveyance in the shape of a stage coach, and even had there been, my pockets were not sufficiently plethoric to permit me to indulge in any such extravagance. Thus situated, I resorted to the first and most primitive mode of locomotion mentioned in ancient history—I "footed it"—tramped every step of the way to Cincinnati.

* * We passed on through the little town of Bucyrus, Tiffin, and others, then just springing into existence, and everywhere it was sickness, wretchedness and want. In some families, half were down with billious attacks or chills and fevers; in others, every soul was unable to rise. Third rate saddle bag doctors, with fourth rate medicines, were riding about from place to place—young men learning their trade—killing more than they cured. Corn meal, cracked in rude iron mills attached to trees, afforded all the breadstuff; rancid pork, and many did not even have that, was all the meat; coffee and sugar were luxuries rarely seen; the milk, from the few poor cows we saw, looked as though it had been skimmed both at the top and the bottom. Much of the time while we were on the journey, we encountered cold, raw rains, and roads knee deep in mud; on clear days the sun would come out at noonday, dry and scorching hot; while the nights would be damp and cheerless, and the mornings foggy—a dense miasma, into which you could drive a peg, seemed to brood over the land. You could see chills and fever everywhere. Despair sat upon every countenance, and I saw but few people on the route who would not have left the country at once, had they possessed those important essentials—strength and the means. Corn they could raise, yes; but every acre of land, reclaimed from the dense forest, cost a world of labor, of suffering, of sickness, and of death.

Such is a hastily drawn picture of what I saw in Ohio during the fall of 1828! I have not half told the story, for I have not time and space.

In the year 1829 I was in portions of Indiana—went up the Wabash as far as Terre Haute, and saw not a little of the country; in many parts it was even worse than in Ohio, for there the dreaded milk sickness obtained to such an extent that one was just as much afraid of a bowl of milk as a bite of a rattlesnake—either would kill in twenty-four hours. And besides, the chills and fevers and bilious diseases seemed to be the rule, while a thoroughly sound and healthy person was an exception. And discouragement, too, was plainly marked on half the faces I saw, and thousands would have gone back to their homes in the older States, had they possessed the means. Again, a few years after, I traveled pretty much all over Illinois, Wisconsin, and parts of Missouri and Iowa, and almost everywhere I saw suffering, sickness and discontent. Good crops were made—there is no denying it; but after they were made they were valueless—it cost more to get them to market than they were worth. In the fall and winter, raw, piercing rains, cold and cutting winds, and deep, sticky mud were everywhere, while in the summer the sun beat down upon the unprotected prairies with blistering force.

☞A Yankee traveler, describing a doughnut of unusually large proportions which he purchased at Buffalo, says: "It is one of those stupendous achievements in art which are only attempted in the vicinity of the great works of nature, like Niagara Falls."

To Hasheesh-Eaters—One Effect of the Drug.

The curious effect of hasheesh, or Indian Hemp, in prolonging the apparent duration of time, is well described by one P. B. Randolph, a relation to the Randolph of Roanoke, as follows: He says that on one occasion, when he was completely under the influence of this drug, he counted the years that it took him to dip his pen in ink and carry it to the paper on which he wrote; and in this short space of actual time, which was but the fraction of a minute, he distinctly numbered six hundred and fifty years, and during the time the fantasia lasted, which was about four hours, he had a distinct consciousness and experience of many hundred thousand years. Every year, month, week, day, hour, minute and second was palpably distinct, and the individual experience of each moment was clear and definitely marked. This comes nearer to realizing the dream of the "Eternal Progressionists" than anything we have yet heard, though certainly it will be for them a slow eternity. The description, however, exactly reproduces the feelings imparted by an overdose of hasheesh on a single occasion, or its continued use for any length of time. Intolerable langor, accompanied by a sort of divine placidity, takes possession of both mind and body—the only surviving desire being to hear Alfred Tennyson's song of "The Lotus Eaters," read or hummed in a low, musical voice, by some one sitting by the sofa on which the hasheesh-eater lazily reclines. It is a delicious madness, but one most dangerous.

A Philosopher Outwitted by a Cat.

It is a common saying that a cat has nine lives. The naturalist, De La Croix, gives an account of one that escaped a wretched death by outwitting a philosophical professor. He says: "I once saw a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air pump, for the purpose of demonstrating that life can not be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston in order to exhaust the receiver of air, when the cat, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarified atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from which her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing; in vain he drew the piston: the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation.—Hoping to effect his purpose, he again let air into the receiver, which, as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but, whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. The spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the cat's sagacity, and the lecturer was compelled to remove her, and substitute another cat that possessed less penetration for the cruel and inexcusable experiment."

A WITTY CLERGYMAN RESTRAINS A WEARY CONGREGATION—A celebrated minister of the gospel lately preached a rather prolix sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to show weariness, and leave; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the preacher. Another was about to retire, when the divine stopped in the midst of his sermon, and said "That's right, gentlemen, as fast as you are weighed, pass out." He continued his discourse at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

☞"I was," said a reverend gentleman, "attending divine service in Norfolk, several years ago, during a season of great excitement. While the officiating clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion, an old lady in the congregation arose, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, 'Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly off to glory.' The worthy gentleman thus interrupted, immediately replied, 'Good Lord, stick it in and let her go, she's but a trouble here.' That quieted the old lady."

☞In the following ambiguous passage, from a modern love letter to a young lady, we recognize a somewhat peculiar delicacy of compliment: "Now I wish, my dear Adelina, my engagements would permit me to leave town and go to see you? It would be like visiting some old ruin, hallowed by time, and fraught with a thousand pleasing recollections!"

☞Squire Jack was a cabinet maker and undertaker, known far and wide as a master workman. One day a couple came to his office to get married. The man's face was familiar to the Squire, and he ordered him off in this wise: "Begone, you scoundrel! you haven't paid me for your first wife's coffin."

☞An Irishman took off his coat to show a terrible wound, which he said he had received a few years before. Not being able, however, to find the wound, he suddenly remembered that it was his brother Bill's arm.

☞One halfpenny a day will buy food in China sufficient to enable a man to "live comfortably."

☞At a Printer's festival, recently, the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of News."